

Some after-dinner

and other talks.

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Some after-dinner

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By F. F.
Taylor

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I.

What was called the Steel Banquet—"in honor of the men who had demonstrated the practicability of converting Southern white iron into steel by the open hearth, basic process"—was held in Chattanooga, Tenn., on the evening of March 13, 1891. The *Times* of that city pronounced it "the most notable event of the kind in the history of the South." Said that journal: "Never before has there been a more distinguished gathering in our section. Not only was the flower of Southern citizenship represented at the banquet, but men of national fame from all parts of the country, and from the ranks of both political parties, joined in the occasion." The toast responded to was "Our Country. One heart, one hand, one flag, one land, one nation evermore."

AMONG the most delightful experiences of my life I count a trip which it was my privilege to make through your section some two years ago—in company with others, several of whom are at this table—and as I look back upon it now, the day of that trip, which stands out in my memory, as perhaps the most enjoyable, was the one spent here with you. Though so long a time has since then elapsed, not one of the incidents of that day's pleasure has yet come to be dim in my memory. I recall them all, as if the occurrences were of yesterday, and running through them, like a golden thread through a fabric, is a grateful recollection of the exceeding kindness and courtesy I met, while with you, at the hands of every one with whom I came in

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contact. Such being the case, you can imagine the readiness with which I accepted the invitation to be here to-night. Not only am I glad to meet you all again, but I rejoice in being permitted to assist in doing honor to the gentlemen to whom the compliment of this splendid banquet has been extended.

I remember that in the invitation which I received it was set forth with much exactness just why these gentlemen have been thought deserving of this tribute, but it makes no difference to me in what direction their efforts have been put forth to serve you. It is enough for me to know that they have contributed of their brains and money to the rehabilitation of your section, because I hold myself, as every right-minded citizen of the republic who dwells north of the Potomac or the Ohio holds himself, always ready to do honor to any one who has, by ever so little, helped the South to its feet and its proper place in the Union.

We still hear occasionally of jealousy and envy between the sections, but I stand here to aver that, so far as jealousy is concerned, there is no single fact which so fills the great heart of the North with gladness as that the South has re-

covered from its long prostration—that the clouds which lowered above you have passed away, and that the sunshine of prosperity is now beating down upon your people. And as for envy—why, gentlemen, there is nothing of which the people of the North are so proud as of your progress in manufactures—that you are so fast coming to rival the North in everything in which it has hitherto been considered the North would always be without a rival.

And this is as it should be, because the war is really over, though there are some with you, as with us, who are apparently not yet aware of the fact. Those with you are still declaring at banquets like this, and upon other public occasions, at great length and with much care, their views with reference to issues that have been dead and buried for more than twenty-five years. Those with us are still cherishing and occasionally flaunting an old shirt that once was bloody, but so long ago that the stains of the blood have faded out of it. Fortunately these peripatetic ghosts are daily growing fewer, and let us unite in prayer that a good God will soon take them all home. It may be hard to part with them, but when they shall have been “called in” we

must try to bear their loss with Christian resignation.

But we who constitute the rank and file—as Lincoln called us, “the plain people”—of both sections, we know and rejoice that the war is ended. We have banished even the recollection of it from our minds. As Thackeray replied to the woman who asked what the English people thought of Proverbial Philosophy Tupper, “they don’t think of him, madam”—so we don’t think of the war any more! As if there had never been a difference between us, we have joined hands, like brothers, as we are, in perfect confidence, and all together with a will we are pressing forward with our life work, in more even rank and with more regular step than ever before. For this glorious consummation God be praised, and palsied forever be the tongue now to suggest to either of us, distrust of the other. Ours henceforward the sacred duty jointly to protect and perpetuate our precious nationality, and we of the North are just as sure of the good faith of you men of the South, in the sacred trust, as we are of our own.

After I had accepted the invitation to be with you to-night, I was for a while at a loss as to

what I could say to you that would be of interest ; and, while turning the matter over in my mind, I remembered that when your silver-tongued and matchless Grady delivered that address before our New England Society which made him famous in a night, he asked us of the North whether we meant "to let the prejudice of war live in the hearts of the conquerors after it had died out of the hearts of the conquered?"

Our answer to that question ?

Well, gentlemen, it has covered more than a quarter of a century !

You heard it years ago when death stalked through the streets of your city of Memphis. You heard it again when the earthquake shattered Charleston, and a cry of despair went up from its every household.

You have long seen it all about you, in your almost every enterprise—your railroads, your booming towns, your humming factories, roaring furnaces and newly opened mines.

The guns were ranged about Charleston harbor, but glorious old Virginia, mother of States and of Presidents, had not yet declared for war. One of her sons, more hot headed and

rash than the rest, impatient at her delay, hurried to Charleston, and there, from the balcony of the Mills House, urged the immediate shedding of blood as necessary to fetch Virginia into the strife. His speech was the signal—that night the guns opened fire. At his word the flames of civil war burst forth to rage and consume for four long years. That—boy then, old man now—sits to-night, an honored judge upon the bench of one of the highest courts of our Empire State, and we point to him, and to hundreds like him in positions of similar eminence and trust throughout the North, as our further answer to Grady's question.

Well, gentlemen, it has occurred to me, that as Grady, standing before our New England Society, availed himself of the opportunity to ask of the North a pointed question, I might take the privilege, through your Chamber of Commerce, to ask of the South a question just as pointed.

No matter what other issues were involved in the war that was between us, the reason why the North entered the strife, and so lavishly poured out its blood and treasure, was to vindicate the inviolability of our nationality ; and no

matter what other result was accomplished by the war, it established once and for all time the supremacy of that nationality—that the republic is more than any of its parts—the Union greater than any of its States.

Now, I don't ask whether you, who were born long ago to the other idea, who sucked in with your mother's milk the later theories of Calhoun and were reared upon them—I don't ask whether you have so far changed in your old age, that you fully and freely, without mental reservation, accept that supremacy of nationality which the war has fixed in our political creed, immutable as the north star in the skies.

I stop right here, however, having spoken the charmed name of Calhoun in your midst, to declare that in all the length and breadth of your Southland there is not one who holds the name of the illustrious Carolinian in deeper reverence than I do.

Calhoun was and has always been *facile princeps* of all your statesmen! He was one of the illustrious trio—America's greatest sons, whose "names were not born to die."

But, gentlemen, nature to me is loveliest in the spring-time, when the air is clear and pure,

the grass is green and the streams are running full—not later, when the air is filled with buzzing things, the grass is burnt brown, the roads are dusty and the streams have run dry. So I revere the memory of the great Carolinian in the spring-time of his life, when in his youthful enthusiasm he was full of a patriotism about which there was nothing sectional or narrow; not later, when the juices of life had dried up within him and he looked at everything through jaundiced eyes. I revere him when in 1811, as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, he wrote a report on the President's message which rang through the country like a clarion, startling the people with the intensity of its nationality, and fetching every American to his feet ready to defend it. I exult in him when, later, he urged the creation of great national highways in order, as he put it, to "more closely unite the sections," and asserted the right of Congress under the Constitution to construct and maintain them. I rejoice in him when he advocated a national bank, and defended the constitutional right of the government to establish and conduct it. I am proud of him when, in 1816, he delivered his great speech on the

tariff, and made an argument in favor of the protection of American industries which during all the rest of his life he was not able to answer. So you see, gentlemen, as far as Calhoun is concerned, honors are easy between us—you revere one end of his life and I revere the other.

(I don't know but that I have made a mistake in this allusion to Calhoun. I'm led to think so, because I see my friend, the grandson of the grandfather, at the other end of the table, glaring at me with blood in his eye, as if he meant to jump on me with both feet when I shall have taken my seat. But I am a stranger here—your guest—and I look to you, men of Tennessee, to protect me while among you from assault. Perhaps, however, I may assuage the grandson's wrath by a suggestion, which occurs to me, in the way of a political tip to the other side of the house. You Democrats I know are all at sea as to the best name with which to head your ticket in the next national campaign. Well, it may not be a wise thing for me to do, but I can suggest to you a name, the combination of which is as sure to win in politics as the famous combination—four-eleven-forty-four—is always sure they say to win at the darkey's game of policy. That

name is Pat Calhoun! And why? Well, I'll tell you why. Because no man whose eyes were first opened to the light south of Mason and Dixon's line would ever think of voting against the name of Calhoun. That end of the name therefore would carry the South solid; while the other end of it would corral the support of the ruling element of the North, because "begorra, divil a son of the ould sod is there among us, that would dare to casht a vote against a man by the name of Pathrick.")

But to come back to the question. I say, I don't ask you, who have been brought up to put your State before your country, whether you have changed, but what I do ask is this: How are you bringing up your youth?

Are you raising your boys to a patriotism based upon the lines of their States, or are you instilling into their young hearts a patriotism as broad as the continent?

I repeat that we of the North trust you men of the South, as we do ourselves, in the sacred care of our nationality; but all the same, as Grady put his question to us, so put I mine to you: "Are you people of the South still, as of old, teaching your boys at their mothers' knees,

in the schools and colleges, that their first love and duty are owing to their States, or are you teaching them, above all things else, to love and honor their country, and that their first and highest duty is always to the Nation?"

Grady asked his question from the standpoint of a Southern man, but I ask mine, not as a Northern man, nor as a member of any political party, but simply as your fellow-citizen of the Republic—enjoying, with you all, the sublime heritage of our nationality.

And as Grady left his question with us to consider and answer, so, men of the South, I shall go back to my home, leaving with you my question.

When on our trip through the South two years ago we went to Rome, in the State of Georgia. There is a beautiful monument there to the memory of the Confederate dead, erected upon the edge of a high cliff, from the base of which the country spreads out like a map as far as the eye can reach—a scene of surpassing beauty.

Standing in the shadow of that monument we

saw from wide apart points in the horizon two rivers flowing toward us. The closer they approached, winding their ways through the landscape, the nearer and nearer they came to each other, till, just at the foot of the precipice and directly beneath the monument, all distance between them vanished and their waters flowed together—one mighty river, sweeping past the height, on its way, resistless, toward the sea.

Those two rivers, it seemed to me, were typical of us, the North and South! Once, like the rivers, we were separated, but with the advancing years we drew nearer and nearer to each other, till reaching the point of time when the Confederate war had come to be but a monument and a memory, all difference between us vanished, and we became one—a mighty nation, sweeping, resistless on, to the fulfillment of its destiny.

My friends, my brothers, more than towns or cities or counties or States, let us love our country.

The dear old Republic, circled by the beating billows, walled by the free air, arched by heaven's blue, and lit by the eternal star of hope—let us all love the Republic, and may

there never more be strife between us, except as to which of us shall love it best !

U. S. Senator Manderson following, said :

" I do not think any man ever occupied a more unenviable position than I do at this moment. I stand upon the brilliant mosaic laid by the orator who has just closed his lips, and I am at a loss for words. Never have I heard, never have you heard, a more eloquent response to a toast."

The *Chattanooga Times* said :

" The scene that followed the speech will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. Battle-scarred veterans of the Northern and Southern armies rose together and lustily cheered the patriotic sentiments of the speech, and together waved the flags, the Stars and Stripes, with which the room and tables were decorated."

II.

At the annual banquet of the Postgraduate Medical Society, Hotel Brunswick, May, 1891.

IF you wonder how it is that an outsider like me has been permitted the privilege of a seat with you at this banquet board, I would remark that I am not entirely without right to be here, because I have studied medicine—that is to say once upon a time, when I was a young man, I attended lectures. If, when you contemplate the color of my hair, you are disposed to locate that time somewhere about the close of the last century—well, you are not very far from right. But no matter just when it was; for several seasons I sat beneath the fluent Dunglison, heard the stately Gross, watched the dramatic Pancoast, followed the metallic Bache and listened to the unique Meigs, at the same time devoting myself with equal assiduity to billiards, ten-pins, boat-rowing and the other diversions peculiar to medical students. You've all been there and you know how it is yourselves.

As the result of my—labors (!) I ultimately got—I don't say I was entitled to—a diploma in a green tin box, and I bloomed upon the world a full-fledged M. D.

For some time thereafter I consumed much midnight oil in studying maps, looking for a place wherein to hang out my shingle. After mature deliberation, however, I concluded to hang it out nowhere, prompted to this conclusion by the conviction that there was no room for me at the bottom of the profession, and by the suspicion that I hadn't the ability to climb to the top, where, as Webster said, there is room for everybody.

Since then, gentlemen, I have often thought if I had decided otherwise how different would have been the fate of some community, and I have often wondered if that community, wherever it may be, ever dreams how close a call it had and what it has escaped.

You remember the Confederate soldier who at the close of the war felicitated himself by the reflection, "them Yankees do 'pear to have got the best of us, but I'll be goll durned if I hain't killed as many of them as they did of me." Well, if there is anything about which I feel

sure, it is that I would have killed more of any community in which I might have located as a doctor, than they possibly could have killed of me! Perhaps, in my decision not to practice, I made a mistake. I certainly think so when I look into your faces, so suggestive of all the creature comforts and so indicative of contentment with the lot of life. But if I did make a mistake I am consoled by the reflection that I erred, as they say Lincoln always did, on the side of mercy—mercy to that community to which I have referred.

Instead of going out into the world looking for patients to devour—to devour my prescriptions—I stayed here, and am associated with the thousand doctors in daily attendance upon a patient in a white marble building at the corner of Wall street and Broad.

I dare say, gentlemen, that out of your combined experience you think you know all about patients; but I tell you, until you have tackled the patient I refer to, you have much to learn, because of all patients that ever bothered doctors that one is the boss. Like unto your patients in many respects, it is unlike them in that it never dies. Your patients always do—

at some time ! Your patients all pay for attendance upon them, except, of course, those from whom you can't collect anything ; at least, you never pay for the privilege of attending anybody. But it is very expensive at times to wait upon the patient I refer to ; indeed, there have been times when that patient has cleaned the doctors out by the score. But otherwise than I have stated the patient is like yours. It has its good days and bad ones, up to-day and down to-morrow ; now strong and likely to be better, again feverish and certain to be lower. It has its times of depression ; suspended animation ; death seeming sure ; rigor mortis set in ; but, as I have said, the patient never dies ; on the contrary, at 10 o'clock the next morning it is always as lively as ever and ready for all its doctors.

And the Wall street doctors—in some respects they deserve much credit. For instance, for their devotion to and concern about their patient. It is no uncommon thing for them to lie awake or to walk the floor all night on account of it. Does worry about your patients ever rob any of you of sleep ? And in the matter of professional etiquette—why, gentlemen, there is not an instance on record of any of our doc-

tors tampering with one of your patients! Have not some of you at times meddled with our patient to your sorrow?

But seriously, I am very grateful for the invitation to be here to-night, and I am proud of the honor of being permitted to sit with you in the enjoyment of this so delightful feast, because though I know enough, of course, to know that I don't know anything about medicine, I still know enough to appreciate that of all the great professions yours is the highest and noblest to which one can devote himself.

I am aware that there are those who hold one other profession higher and nobler; but while I would not by so much as a breath detract from the beneficence of that profession, I feel that a broken leg or a disordered liver occasions more mental and physical discomfort and demands more immediate relief than any spiritual irregularity.

The doctor's presence is at times a matter of life and death, but I have hardly ever known of a case in which the dominie couldn't be waited for till the next morning, unless, perhaps, it was a case of matrimony, and then the trouble was largely, I think, imaginary. If the contracting

parties could only have been made to believe it, neither of them would have lost anything by waiting till the next day.

We might possibly pull through without the dominies, but the conscientious and skillful physician is a vital need of every community. We cannot, without the aid of his helping hand, scramble over the ropes into the twenty-four-foot ring of life; we turn to him after every round to make us ready to answer to the next call of time; and though we know he cannot prevent the inevitable "knock out" that waits us all, we look to him to put off to as late a day as possible the time of our throwing up the sponge.

There are many reasons why you should be proud of your profession, gentlemen; but I think you ought to be specially proud of it because, of all the professions, it has, within the last quarter century, made the greatest and most rapid progress. It has been a fad of mine to collect books about the late unpleasantness between the sections, till I have stacked up in the corner of my library several hundred volumes on the war. The other evening my friend, the Hon. John Jay Knox, while looking them over,

turned to me and said: " I have a set of books I would like to add to your collection, a dozen volumes, published by the Government, the medical and surgical history of the war; and yet, " said he, " a prominent physician told me the other day, to my surprise, that the books have no value except as curiosities, because the medical and surgical sciences have so far advanced since their publication."

Gentlemen, I do not believe that a statement like that could be made of any other of the great sciences of the day.

But I have talked as long as I ought to and have not yet said a word about the text assigned to me. Frankly, gentlemen, the occasion is one of so much jollity "all round" that I don't feel like talking about anything so big and so serious as "The Country," the toast for which I am set down; and if I did I don't believe you are in the mood to listen to me.

You remember that on the first Sunday after Gen. Sherman had occupied the City of Memphis, he was surprised that not one of the churches was opened. Forthwith he ordered that on the next Sunday they should all be opened. Whereupon he was waited on by the

minister of the First Episcopal Church, who confessed himself in a dilemma because the prayer-book called for prayers for the President of the Confederate States and he feared that prayers for Mr. Davis might be offensive to the General. "Oh, my, no!" said the bluff old hero; "not a bit. I don't care whom you pray for. If you want to pray for Davis, do so. He needs your prayers, mighty bad. Abe Lincoln is all right and can get on without 'em."

Well, gentlemen, I think the country is all right and can get on without speeches by me or by anybody else; and so, without trespassing further upon your indulgence, I yield the floor to those who are to follow me and from whom I know you are anxiously waiting to hear.

III.

At the opening of the home of the Southern Society of New York, on the evening of May 2, 1889, there was a large assemblage, which included the Governors of all but one or two of the Southern States. These were in turn called upon to speak. When Governor Gordon's turn came, the Chairman of the occasion said: "I was about to introduce to you next, Governor Gordon, but I see in front of me a gentleman who during a recent trip through the South, with a party of which I was one, met the Governor for the first time and fell head over heels in love with him; and in order to give variety to the evening's proceedings, I now call on this gentleman—this Yankee and Republican—to introduce to the assemblage his friend, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia."

YOU remember the story of the man, out on the frontier, who was noted far and wide for his wonderful faculty at profanity, and for his disposition upon every occasion to indulge in the most marvelous embroidery of language. He had been away from home, hunting, for a day or two, and upon his return found that during his absence the redskins had burned his house, murdered his wife and children, destroyed his fences, and run off his stock—had, in fact, completely cleaned him out. He contemplated the scene of desolation for a while in silence, and then gave expression to the pent up feeling of his heart in the words, "this is simply too ridiculous!"

Well, I leave it to you, if the idea of any man, especially an unknown Northern man like me, introducing dear old battle-scarred Gordon, of the lion's heart, the woman's tenderness, and the silver tongue, to any audience, much less to a body of Southern men like this—I leave it to you, if it isn't simply too — ridiculous?

Introduce John B. Gordon? Why, gentlemen, he introduced himself to everybody, North and South, more than a quarter of a century ago, during the great scuffle—not only introduced himself, but made himself at times, so they say, a good deal too familiar on short acquaintance. Indeed, if history tells the truth he had a very *taking* way with him generally; but after all, not more so in war than he has since had in peace. I remember a Centennial celebration a few years ago in Philadelphia, at which he made a little speech of not more than a dozen lines, which no man could hear or read with dry eyes, and which, because of the touch of nature in it that makes the world akin, captured the Quaker City and all its people, solid.

Your handsome President has made reference to a recent trip through the South. There was such a trip, and the announced purpose of

it was to investigate the resources of that section. The announcement was true as to every member of the party but me. I accepted the invitation to go because it was promised that we should visit Atlanta, and that I would meet Gordon, of whom I had heard and read so much.

Well, we had hardly crossed the Potomac, after starting on our way, before I began to perceive the people's regard for Gordon, and the further South we went the more perceptible became that regard on every hand. But when we got within his own State—the State of Georgia—why, I discovered that the mere mention of the name of Gordon there brought kindness to the faces of men, light into the eyes of women, and laughter to the lips of children. The very dogs—you may not know it, gentlemen, but there are no dogs allowed in Georgia except Gordon setters, and at the mention of the name of Gordon every one of them promptly wags his tail. And I did hear it said that in certain sections of the State there are people so benighted, that they spell God with a little g and Gordon with a big one, but I don't believe a word of it.

Do you think I was anxious to see this man?

Well, I should smile! I met him first in Rome—"the eternal city that sits upon her several hills, and from her throne of beauty" looks down upon the rest of the State of Georgia. He stood in the market place surrounded by the populace. A Roman toga was wrapped around him, a laurel wreath was upon his brow, a seraphic smile played about his so handsome ugly face, and in his right hand was an open bottle of ice-cold champagne. In one short hour after I had met him I understood his people's love for him; in that brief time he had the collar of his personal magnetism about my neck and had led me captive.

But seriously, gentlemen! I remember the fervor with which I used to declaim when a boy, those words from Webster's reply to Hayne, "Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me remind you that in early days no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than South Carolina and Massachusetts. Would to God that harmony might again return!" And during these Centennial days those words have come back to me over and over again. I recalled them the other day when I saw the troops of the North and

South, of Massachusetts and South Carolina, swinging along the avenue between those solid walls of hurrahing humanity, marching to the same music and under the same flag, with no rivalry between them now except as to which shall most contribute luster to the stars and brilliance to the stripes of that banner; and I said to myself, "Would to God that Webster could have lived to see the day for the return of which he so longed, come back now to stay, let us trust, forever." And as the troops went marching by I couldn't help the feeling that so long as those men stand together the flag will be unchallenged by any power on the globe—that those men, united, are invincible against the armies of the world.

With this thought in my mind I pictured a field of battle, I beheld the men of Massachusetts and South Carolina standing shoulder to shoulder, in serried column, impatiently waiting the word to charge, I saw Gordon in their front, I heard him cry, "Forward, men, follow me!" and involuntarily I exclaimed, "Such troops, under such leadership, amid the mingled strains of Yankee Doodle and of Dixie, the combined cheers of the North and yells of the South,

would capture hell from the devil, and plant the stars and stripes in triumph and in victory on the very shores of the lake of fire and brimstone!"

But Gordon wants no more fighting! He tells me he has had enough; yet all the same, for him to do what I have pictured, to lead the troops of South and North together against a common foe, would be the proudest moment of his life; because Confederate though he was, and Southerner though he is, there is not one in all the land to-day, I know, who would more gladly lay down his life in defense of the old flag than John B. Gordon of Georgia!

Let us hope, however, that he may never draw his sword again. Rather let us trust that during the years which shall be his, his ways may be those of pleasantness and his paths of peace. And when the end shall come for him, as come it must for each of us, when he shall sink to rest, covered, as with a garment, by the affection of those among whom he has dwelt, upon the bosom of the State he has served so well, they will pile up granite and rear brazen statue to his memory; but neither will last as long as the monument that will be to him in

the hearts of his people; because while grass grows and water runs, while the hills lift themselves to the skies, and the oceans thunder upon either shore, just so long will the people, not alone of Georgia, but of all the South as well, bear the name of Gordon in loving and grateful memory.

IV.

At the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, Rochester, N. Y., February 15, 1892—In response to the toast "Unrestricted Immigration and our Naturalization Laws a peril to the Republic."

I SHOULD be wanting in proper courtesy to you, as I would certainly be unjust to myself, if I did not preface what I have to say in response to the toast, with a few words to assure you that I appreciate the privilege of being here. To be a guest at this board is an honor of which any man, no matter how exalted or how prominent his position, might well be proud. That the honor has been extended to me, who am only an inconspicuous business man, I thank you. I thank you too, that in calling upon me to talk, you have assigned me a subject to talk about, in which I am, as I think every American citizen, native and foreign born alike, ought to be, deeply interested; though of course I am aware that upon this subject I can advance no new ideas—that I can only reiterate and emphasize what has been, by others, already said, far better than I can say it.

Though it is four hundred years since our continent was discovered, we are yet as a nation young. Young, however, as we are, we have achieved such development and growth, that we are already warranted in claiming for ourselves first place among the nations of the earth.

Standing at the threshold of the second century of our national existence, we may well look back with pride, but, just as well, forward with confidence. Indeed, it is difficult to estimate, if we are to go on prospering, what will be our condition and position a hundred years from to-day. But, though, as Webster said, "the past at least is secure," we have no guarantee for the future. We know not what questions shall hereafter present themselves to us, what problems will later come up for our solution, what forces may together work against our well being. What we do know, however, is that our future condition will depend upon ourselves—upon our sleepless watchfulness for signs of danger to the Republic, and our constant readiness to guard against such danger, no matter from what quarter it may threaten.

Chiefest among the factors that have contributed to our national upbuilding, has been the

steady flow of immigration to our shores. The people of the thirteen colonies were not enough to develop all the resources of our Union ; hence immigration came to be a necessity for us, and we have done all in our power to stimulate it. With wide open arms we have welcomed all comers to our midst, and their coming has largely increased our population, has filled up our waste places and has added to our wealth and strength.

With our growth, however, the need of immigration has gradually come to be less, till we are now, comparatively, independent of it. That is to say, there are no longer endless tracts of our fertile lands calling for settlement, nor is there a demand for labor among us beyond the capacity of our people to supply. On the contrary, though much of our territory is still unoccupied, or sparsely settled according to the standards of the Old World, our population is now sufficient not only to meet all the demands of labor upon it, but by its natural increase to take up our vacant lands and to develop our resources with all necessary rapidity.

While our need of it, however, has been decreasing, immigration has been steadily increasing, till more than a thousand immigrants are

daily now landing upon our shores; but while the bulk of immigration has been thus growing, its quality has been as steadily deteriorating.

The population of the Colonies was mainly composed of the English, the German, the Dutch, the Scotch-Irish and the Huguenot-French, and of these peoples, together with the addition of a certain proportion from Ireland and the Scandinavian countries—all of them readily assimilable with us—our immigration has been, until recently, made up. But, while the quality of the immigration of even these people has been growing less desirable, there have been coming to us for the last ten or fifteen years an annually increasing number from Italy, especially southern Italy and Sicily, the Slavic countries, Russia, Poland and Hungary, and Austria.

However worthy the people of these nationalities may, in instances, individually be, experience has demonstrated that as a class there is but little in common between them and us—that like the Chinese, being of different races from ours, they do not, to any appreciable extent, assimilate with our people. Besides that, they are almost entirely unskilled in any kind of labor, and as a rule are illiterate and indigent to the last degree.

Therefore we stand to-day face to face with the portentous fact that there are yearly pouring in upon us nearly half a million persons largely made up of those who are alien to us in thought and speech and blood; half of whom are without occupation of any kind, and most of whom represent only the rudest forms of labor.

These things constitute, as your toast so tersely puts it, a peril, a grave peril to the Republic in more ways than one.

I have said that our population is equal to all the demands of labor upon it. Indeed, our labor market is in localities already overstocked. In some of our large cities the struggle for existence is as fierce as anywhere in the Old World. It is our boast, however, that this is the ideal home of the workingman; that here his pay and his condition are better than anywhere else. Admitting the assertion to be true now, the question forces itself, how much longer will it be true if there shall continue to be dumped upon us annually so large a number of persons ready to work for almost nothing and able to live on less? How long will it be, under such conditions, before the pay of our workingmen will

be pulled down to the level of wages elsewhere paid—before our boast about the wage-earner's enviable condition here will be but a byword and a reproach?

Its demoralizing effect upon our labor market, however, is not the worst feature of our latter-day immigration. A still worse feature of it is, that it is gradually filling the slums of our cities with the lowest and most objectionable order of beings; that it is creating in our fair land pauper and criminal classes for us to provide for and to protect ourselves against. The last census shows that our foreign born citizens already supply more penitentiary convicts than are supplied by our entire native born population.

In addition to this there have come to us of late years, and they are still coming, many who have brought with them theories and practices in every way hostile to our American institutions and disturbing of our peaceful conditions. Already, in different parts of the country, there are secret societies subversive of law and order, and newspapers and periodicals openly advocating socialism in its worst forms, and anarchy with all that is most revolting in its methods.

Absorbed as we are, however, in our daily concerns, we give but little heed to the existence of these facts, except when occurrences like the crashing of dynamite at Chicago, or the deadly work of the stiletto in New Orleans, compel our attention to them.

But perilous as this condition of things is to the Republic, its peril is intensified and increased by reason of our naturalization laws, through the operation of which immigration is all the while diluting and polluting the quality of American citizenship.

Within comparatively a few days after his arrival—before he has hardly had time indeed “to get his sea legs off”—every immigrant that lands upon our shores, no matter how imbruted his condition, how vicious his tendency, or how incapable of comprehending its meaning, is armed with the ballot and vested with all the rights of those “native here and to the manor born.” He has a voice in our affairs equal with him who breasted the battle in the Wilderness or at Gettysburgh in defense of our nationality, and whose ancestor may have stood at Concord or Bunker Hill. Indeed, while the college-bred and Mayflower-descended youth must stand

back from the polls and look idly on, the recently landed immigrant takes his unchallenged place in line, and records his say as to questions of public policy that affect our well being, or expresses his choice as to who shall be "the rulers over us."

We hear, upon every hand, of corruption in the government of our large cities ; but is it to be wondered at, when we reflect that immigration peoples the cities with poverty, ignorance and vice, and that our naturalization laws make them a power in the hands of the unscrupulous for the purposes of ring rule and plunder?

But what shall we do to protect the Republic against the peril of these things?

Clearly the first thing for us to do is to wake up the intelligence of the people to a realization of the peril. That done, prompt and effective legislation with reference to it should be demanded of our national lawmakers. There are laws bearing on the matter now upon our statute books, true—but the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, to whom is due the gratitude of all the country for his so correct appreciation of the evils of our immigration and his so earnest efforts to remedy them, he says,

“these laws and all other existing requirements are vague, and the methods provided for their enforcement are still more vague and indefinite.”

It is not necessary, of course, that our doors should be barred to all immigration. That would be to falsify the boast that our country is the asylum to which the unfortunate of every land are welcome. Such a course would be neither consistent nor wise, because our free land is, and let us trust will always be, the haven of refuge for all who are worthy of place among us. But that we accord a welcome to such is no reason why we should suffer our home—the land in which we live, and are to live those who shall come after us—to be made a cesspool, so to speak, into which may be drained the offscouring and the refuse, the sewage of the Old World.

Therefore, we should demand of Congress such action, such immediate action, as will, not alone in theory, but in fact—so far as human ingenuity can devise ways to accomplish it—sift our immigration, barring out from among us, not only paupers, criminals, and the crippled and diseased, but the illiterate as well, all those indeed whose presence among us is, for any reason, undesirable, and whose exclusion is de-

manded by our own preservation, which is the first law of nature; by our duty to our working men, who are more directly interested in this matter than any one else; and by our duty to the institutions under which we live.

In addition to this, steps should be taken toward a radical change in our naturalization laws.

Holding the views I do as to the proper functions of the national government, I believe that the interests of the whole country would be best served by delegation to the national government of the sole power to confer the rights of citizenship. Failing that, however, I have no hesitation in asserting my conviction that our naturalization laws, beside being more exacting as to qualification for citizenship, should also be, as far as possible, uniform between the States. But whether they be made uniform or not, surely there is not an intelligent man in all the land who does not agree with me, that the laws are now, all of them, to a greater or less extent, pitifully deficient in their requirements for citizenship.

The laxity of these laws, of course, grew out of what was once our need of population and

our desire to render acquirement of citizenship as easy as possible. But that need having passed away, I submit that the time has come when we should raise the standard of fitness for citizenship among us. Instead of the wretched bauble that American citizenship is to-day, a thing to be had for the asking, by anybody, even the most worthless, we should make it a thing worth waiting for and working for—a thing to be dearly prized and to be proud of, when had, by anybody.

And the first move in this direction should be made right here, in our Empire State, for two reasons: first, because this being the greatest, grandest, proudest State in the Union, its standard of citizenship ought to be higher than that of any other State; and, second, the ignorance and pauperism and vice of the slums of New York City, wherein gather and settle so large a proportion of the vilest dregs of our immigration, should be restricted, as far as possible, in their capacity to work evil through the ballot-box.

However important may be any other of the issues pressing upon our people, this, I dare aver, is, by all odds, the most important matter before the country to-day.

Questions of public policy generally affect

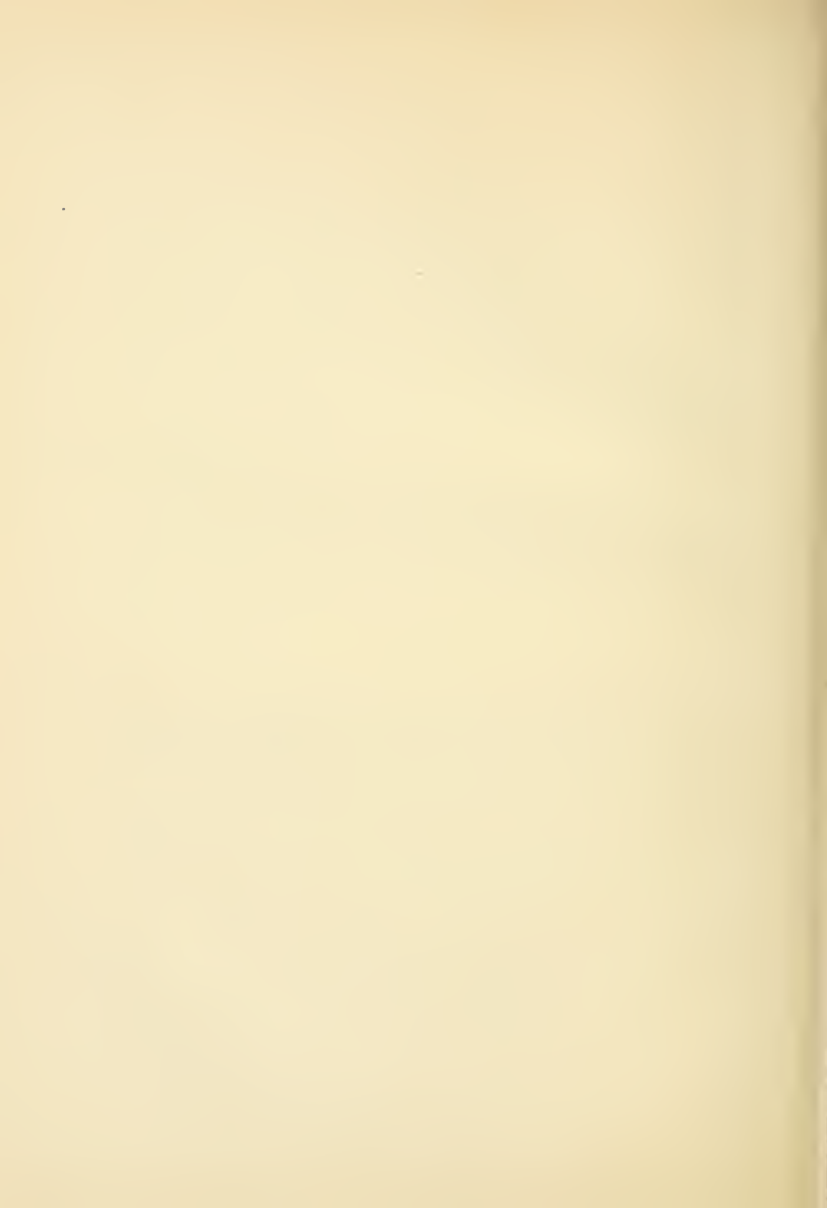
only our material concerns, and no matter how they be decided, the nation, all the same, goes forging on in its career. But this question affects what should be dearest to every American citizen, native and foreign born alike, without regard to politics—what should be most sacred to every man sheltered by the flag and protected by the Government—the integrity of our nationality.

That nationality—its corner-stone was laid and its foundation planted by our fathers through long years of privation and of war. To save it from destruction and to preserve it to us, rivers of blood have been poured out in our time, and countless millions of treasure spent. To-day it stands, the sublimest structure on the globe, arching the continent, its foundation washed by the waves of either ocean, and on its dome the clouds! It has been our fathers' home, it is ours; and as it has been by them saved to us, so is it our holy duty to preserve it to those who shall come after us. But if careless as to who shall share its shelter with us, we let its doors stand wide open, that all who choose may enter, to make lodgment beneath its roof and to take the bread out of the mouths of our own—

paupers to be a burden on us—the crippled and diseased for us to care for—the illiterate for us to educate—the vicious to create discontent among us—criminals for us to guard against—the murderous with stiletto or with bomb—if we not only admit all these and make them welcome, but, in addition, vest them with authority in our affairs equal to our own, and put into their hands the power, if they so choose, to violate the traditions of our home and to deface its fair records—if we do this, then are we guilty of a crime for which posterity will justly hold us to account.

The Rochester Post-Express said: "The speech was listened to with the deepest interest and when it was concluded every guest was on his feet waving a handkerchief and cheering the orator. After he had resumed his seat, he was compelled to come forward again, and he made a neat little speech expressive of his grateful appreciation of the reception extended to him."

The Democrat and Chronicle said: "It was not for some moments after he had finished speaking that the toastmaster could announce the next speaker. Three cheers and a tiger were called for and forthcoming. Then three tigers were given, and it looked as if a whole menagerie would have to be let loose before the diners would be satisfied."



V.

At the Grant banquet, at Delmonico's, in honor of the General's birthday, April 27, 1891. The Chairman, in the introduction, made a very flattering allusion to the speech delivered at the Steel banquet in Tennessee.

THE loveliest trait about our Chairman, gentlemen, is his readiness always to call down, from the eminence upon which he stands, kindly and encouraging words to those in the valley, so far below him that they can hardly hear the sound of his voice. As for me, I am content if, as I trudge along through the vale, I may catch an occasional glimpse of his figure among the clouds, and I shall be more than satisfied, if, when I have reached the end of my journey and been put away, there can be truthfully inscribed upon the stone which marks my resting-place, "Here lies a man, who, while he lived, had wit and brains enough to properly appreciate the jewels that always showered when Joseph Choate opened his lips."

I thank you, sir, for your so flattering allusion to my talk in Tennessee. If what I said down

there had the approval of the folks at home, I am glad of it. If I uttered a word conducing toward a better understanding and a closer union between the sections, I am proud of it.

The occasion was, in many respects, sir, remarkable. The company was made up about equally of Northern and Southern men—as many who had worn the gray as had worn the blue. The Chairman of the evening, appreciating the rare combination, called to their feet, alternately, the old soldiers of either side, Federal and Confederate, as pieces are pushed forward on the chess-board—first a white and then a red, now a knight and again a pawn.

For a while the affair progressed in the usual way, but under the inspiration of its so peculiar conditions, it ere long developed into a sort of love feast. The men who had once faced each other with hate in their eyes and death in their hearts, hobnobbed like dear old friends, and together rehearsed their erstwhile opposing experiences. They vied with each other in assertion of loyalty to the Republic, and at every specially patriotic appeal, whether by a representative of the North or South, they united in cheering the speaker to the echo, and in waving

the flags, the stars and stripes, with which the room and tables were profusely decorated.

I shall never forget the occasion, because while I contemplated the scene and listened to the speeches it seemed to me that, for the first time, I sufficiently felt how blessed a thing it was for us all, South as well as North, that the attempt to disrupt the Union had failed, that instead of our being a divided people we are more closely united now than ever, that above us all floats but one flag.

Because of that experience I better appreciate my privilege in being here, and I realize more fully than I have done before how immeasurable and incalculable is our debt to the great soldier whose memory we honor, and to all those with him whose heroism and sacrifice have secured to them who shall come after us, the heritage of our nationality, unbroken and inviolate.

I group them—the heroes—all together, not out of any disposition to detract one jot or tittle from what we owe to our greatest soldier leader, but because, if it be permitted the spirits of the departed to revisit the scenes of earth, and his spirit be hovering above us now, his great and generous soul would be best pleased, I know, by

our not forgetting, in our gratitude to him, even the humblest servitor of the cause for which he fought.

On my way to Tennessee, through Washington and Virginia, and back through Kentucky and Cincinnati, I saw a number of monuments erected to those who were conspicuous in the great struggle, and I passed several National cemeteries, in which the long and even lines of little headboards, with no names upon them, only numbers, told where sleep the thousands, "unknown, unhonored and unsung," who gave for us all they had—their lives; and more than once since then, the thought has occurred to me that those beneath the monuments, and those filed away in the cemeteries, differ only as "one star differeth from another star in glory," and that they all together make up the splendor of our National firmament.

The great leaders, whose fame will never die, are the planets which stand out, each by itself, clear and bright and sharp. Behind them are the lesser leaders, the myriad stars, which, though not so bright as the planets, but more numerous, spangle the heavens. Behind them are the rank and file, whose forest of white head-

boards, like the indistinguishable stars, make up the milky way—a great cloud of light that sweeps athwart the sky.

And as the glory of the night is due to every star that shines, whether it be one of the indistinguishable mass or a flashing planet, so are we owing to every soldier of the war, whether he rode with waving sword at the head of a column, or at its rear, with a musket, trudged.

But what tongue can frame in words our debt to the master who conceived and pushed the mighty campaign which knew no end till the last expiring breath had been strangled out of the rebellion, and in all the breezes between the oceans there fluttered no flag but that?

We cannot measure, we certainly can never pay, what we owe to Grant; but what we can do is this: we can show our appreciation of, and manifest our gratitude for, what he did for us. And how? By banquets like this? By remembering his birthday, like Washington's? By building a heroic monument? Yes! But there is another, and still a better way, and that is by cherishing and jealously guarding the nationality for which he fought, and which he saved to us and our children.

That nationality—it is the sublimest structure on the globe. It arches the continent. Against its foundations the waves of either ocean beat, and on its dome rest the clouds. For more than a century it has been our fathers' home. It is ours, and, God willing, will be our children's! In it is the light and warmth of human liberty, and through its windows that light shines out, guiding to its doors all the world.

Those doors have been never closed, and through them have entered millions, welcome all, to the shelter, to live with us and to share all our privileges. For millions more there is room in plenty and a welcome just as warm; but if we discover that we have been too generous and have admitted many who are abusing our hospitality, by violating our traditions, by creating disturbance and bringing disgrace upon the household, what shall we do?

If we have no pride in our home and don't care who occupies it with us, or, if we are all of us too much engaged in trying to make money to think about the matter, of course we will do nothing!

But if we love our home and hold it dear, shall we not call a halt to the incoming crowds,

and put a sentry at every doorway to bar the entrance of any addition to the vicious element that has obtained foothold among us? Shall we not give it out at once, that, though we still keep open house, we will, from now on, admit only the worthy, those who come in good faith to take up their permanent abode with us, to accept and obey our laws, and to be like us, Americans? Shall we not proclaim that we want no colonists, that we will have no communists or socialists, that we will drive away outlaws and criminals, and that in no crook or cranny, anywhere under our roof, is there room for one anarchist with his bomb, or for a single member of the infernal Mafia with his stiletto?

If, then, we want to show our gratitude to Grant, and to those who with him fought, let us appreciate the nationality which they preserved for us. Let us make American citizenship a thing to be earned and prized, rather than what it for so long has seemed to be, a bauble to be had by anybody, even the most worthless, for the asking. Let us amend our immigration laws, so that we may keep away from our shores those whom we don't want with us, and let us so revise our naturalization laws that only those

who can appreciate the privilege and are deserving of it shall be American citizens!

Do this, and no need to pile up granite or rear brazen statue to perpetuate the great soldier's memory; because, so long as grass grows and water runs, so long as the hills lift themselves to the skies and the oceans thunder upon either shore, just so long will his name and fame live in the hearts of his countrymen.

To borrow a thought from the matchless Phillips, in the far-off distant future, when we shall have passed away, and been all of us long, long forgot, the muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England and Fayette for France, write Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and Abraham Lincoln as the ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, she will inscribe, side by side with the names of the father and the saviour of their country, the name of the unassuming gentleman, the loyal friend, the peerless soldier and the sterling patriot, Ulysses S. Grant.

VI.

At the banquet of the New York Southern Society, February 22, 1890, in the audience hall of the Lenox Lyceum, the President said: "The next toast is the City of New York. This was to have been responded to by his Honor the Mayor, but I regret to say I have just received a telegram from him to the effect that he is detained by public business in Washington. Rather than that the toast should be passed, however, without response, I am going to call upon one of our guests to speak to it—a New Yorker whose voice you have heard before and will be glad I am sure to hear again."

I PRESUME you have all heard of the South Carolinian who, having been at a dinner party, and being afterward asked who was at table with him, replied, "Well, sir, I was there, and another elegant gentleman from South Carolina; two or three gentlemen from Virginia, a man from Pennsylvania, a couple of fellows from New York, and a son of a gun from Boston."

However much we may be disinclined to accept the South Carolinian's method of classification of the guests upon the occasion referred to, we must all admit that he was right in that he did classify them, because every occasion of the kind, like this one to-night, is made up of at least two classes of persons. First, the small class of those who sit at the high table up there. They

are invited on purpose to talk, and they come as full of speeches as a dog is of barks, and though they often begin by expressing surprise at being called upon, they would be dreadfully disappointed if they were not called. Then there is the class of those who fill these lower tables, to which class, so respectable by reason of its numbers, I belong. When they are invited to a feast they are expected to bring with them nothing but good appetites, good thirsts and long ears. And when I came here to-night I brought all three. My appetite has been satisfied by a dinner so good that I can say of it, as Tim Campbell remarked about Mrs. Whitney's dinner, "There were certainly no flies on it." The thirst I fetched with me was such that I've no doubt many of you gentlemen would gladly give a fifty-dollar bill for one like it right now, but which has not been satisfied, I grieve to say, because I was so unfortunately placed between two distinguished Southern generals that hardly a bottle got to me from either side; and as for my ears, if you don't think they are long now, you may perhaps think so before I sit down. As one of our class, of course I did not come here to talk, and I think it was cruel of

your President to call upon me as he has done, for the reason that like all the rest of us who sit at these lower tables, I always need at least two weeks' time in which to get up a good impromptu speech. And yet, when word came to me, a few moments since, that because of the unexpected absence from the table of our honored Mayor, there appeared to be no one to answer to the toast of "The City of New York," and that the President wanted to know if he might call upon me, I thought of the closing chapter of that beautiful story, "Meh Lady," by Nelson Page, of Virginia, in which the minister, standing before the couple about to be married, asked, "Who gives this woman to this man?" and the old darkey said, "When he ax dat question an' look at me, an' I think 'bout all de scuf-flin we done been throo,' an' ole Missus an' Marse Phil all gone, an' dere ain' nobody to tek up for de pore chile, I couldn't help it, so I says when he ax dat question, 'Unc Billy;'" and when I thought of the Mayor being away, and the toast to the great city in which we all have so much pride being passed unresponded to, I felt like Uncle Billy, that if there was no one else to speak for it, rather than that it should be

passed in silence, I would—all incompetent and unworthy and unprepared as I am—stand in the breach; and I call upon you gentlemen to witness whether history has presented such an instance of sublime daring since the days of Thermopylæ; especially in view of the difficulty to be encountered in trying to make one's self heard in this vast auditorium. Indeed, I would like right here—parenthetically—to tender to the managers of the Society a word of advice, if I may do so without presuming—to the effect that if the Society gives its next annual dinner in this hall, a fog horn should be supplied before the dinner to every speaker, and ear trumpets to all the rest who attend the feast.

Speaking then for our great city, gentlemen, I extend the cordial welcome of the metropolis to your young Society, which has already attained such proportions, and which bids fair to outnumber in its membership all its sister societies. And on behalf of the city, wherein you men of the South have made your homes, I congratulate you upon this splendid scene, this glorious banquet, these distinguished guests, these boxes filled with fair women. No man with red blood in his veins can help thrilling with pride

in our people and our country when he contemplates this occasion and spectacle, and contrasts them with the state of things which existed hardly more than a quarter of a century ago. Then the cohorts of Lee were thundering at the gates of the Capital, but were hurled back in defeat of their attempt to capture it. To-night, the men who were then defeated, and their sons, have captured the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. The only difference between Washington then and New York now is that Washington didn't want to be taken, and that New York just loves it!

We hear on every hand of the New South, and we all rejoice in its triumphant progress. But though by your courage and perseverance you have builded a city in your every valley and have located a factory on your every hill-top, nothing that you have accomplished has borne such convincing evidence of the success that has crowned your struggle as this magnificent banquet and gathering. More than everything else you have done or said, these tell how completely the old South has passed away forever. That vast concourse at New Orleans the other day followed it to its grave, and as your honored

President has so eloquently said, thank God, you have buried in that grave all the bitterness that ever was in your hearts while the old South existed.

But let us do better even than that ; let us, both North as well as South, bury in the same grave every evidence, nay, more—every recollection that there was ever a conflict between us ; bury them deep and cover them out of our sight forever ; and as from the turf above that grave shall spring tender flower and sturdy oak, so may there grow in the big, warm, impulsive Southern heart a constantly increasing tender love, not for any section, but for our whole great country ; and a sturdy loyalty, not to the flag of any State, but to that banner which floats now above us all, every stripe and every star and every fold of which to-night beams with liberty and with peace—liberty for all the millions that shall gather beneath it, and peace which the years of a century shall not shake.

VII.

At the banquet of the Typothetæ Society—Hotel Brunswick—January 18, 1892.

I DARE say that when your worthy fellow-member, Douglas Taylor—about whom one of the best things is his name, and that is only half as good as it might have been and would have been if his parents had christened him Frederic instead of Douglas—I dare say, I repeat, that when he did me the honor to put me down for a talk here to-night he chuckled at the apparent incongruity of a Wall Street man talking to printers. I suppose he thought there is no connection between the printing press and the Stock Exchange—between your business and mine. But if he did think so, it is evidence of his lamentable ignorance, because the printing press is almost as important a factor in our business as it is in yours. You have heard a great deal about water in connection with stocks, but you may accept my assurance that Wall Street men generally have very little use for water, either in

their business or out of it, except, of course, for purposes of ablution. But they use printer's ink in their business, largely and constantly, from the lamb-alluring circular daily supplied to their constituents, all the way up to that which is the supremest work of the modern financier—namely, the making of more wealth by the printing of more stock.

So you see, gentlemen, there is a certain appropriateness in my being with you, after all; but while I would not have you think that your Wall Street confrères are especially strait-laced, I fear they might be disposed to kick, if, as their representative here, I should put them upon record as being in line with you printers, in unqualified admiration and approval of everything that was in the career of your patron saint.

It is the habit of you printers to pass the incidents of Franklin's career before you like the scenes of a moving panorama, and to enthuse about each, even the most commonplace of them, as if no other boy, either before Franklin's time or since, had started in life under difficulties, and had, against all sorts of hard lines, achieved fame or fortune, or both. But while admitting everything for which Franklin deserved credit, there

were characteristics in his make-up and doings in his life which do not appear to us Wall Street men to be quite so admirable or so worthy of emulation as they apparently are to you. In the brief time allowed me to talk I can do no more, of course, than merely hint at one or two of these, but McMaster, who was certainly one of the sage's most partial biographers, asserted more than once that Franklin was "saving even to stinginess." And I remember hearing it cited, at this very table a year or so ago, as a most meritorious fact and as a worthy example of economy, that when Benjamin was an apprentice in London he always refused to chip in with his fellow-workmen for the noon-day beer.

Now, if there is anything a Wall-streeter dislikes, it is a mean man, and that kind of a one especially who manifests his meanness by a reluctance at appropriate times and in his regular turn to "set 'em up." If, upon the occasions referred to, the philosopher had offered to match for the beer, the case would have been different. That would have evidenced a speculative disposition on the part of the sage, entitling him to the respect of Wall Street, because, in Wall Street eyes, the readiness to take a risk

in anything, from a mug of beer to a hundred shares, is of all traits most to be commended and encouraged.

Then, too, Franklin was a busybody, as was certainly shown by the character of the essays to which he devoted his earlier efforts. While he was yet a young man and unmarried, and was, therefore, of course unacquainted with the mysteries of feminine make-up—certainly didn't know enough about woman's apparel to warrant him in discussing it—he put out a pamphlet entitled “Pride and Hoop Petticoats.” Later, as if he delighted in airing his ignorance of the subject, he issued another and still more pretentious pamphlet, entitled “Hoop Petticoats, Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Science and by the Law of God.” As if that were not enough, however, he subsequently had the ineffable gall to write and print and offer for sale a moderate sized volume bearing the bumptious title, “Relief for the Unhappy Women Who, as a Punishment for the Pride and Insolence of Youth, Are Forced to Remain Old Maids.”

As these books are now out of print and we don't know what they contained, of course we cannot tell just why the old man was so down

on hoop skirts, nor are we able to discover how he argued that they are condemned by the law of God, nor do we know just what he proposed with reference to old maids. But if you printer men approve of that sort of thing, candidly, we Wall Street men do not. On the contrary, we think the philosopher might have been better employed than in writing pamphlets against petticoats, and as to his taking it upon himself to advise about old maids—well, we think that was impertinent to say the least, and evidenced that the sage had an overweening conceit of himself. Indeed, I have no hesitation in asserting that, if any man ever was, it would certainly appear from the record that Franklin was badly “stuck on himself.”

But to come back to McMaster, the so partial biographer, he says on page 44 of his first life of the philosopher, to quote his precise words, “It was at this time”—that is, after Franklin had returned from England and was foreman of Kiemer’s establishment in Philadelphia, “It was at this time that Benjamin founded the Junto, wrote his famous epitaph, grew religious, composed a liturgy for his own use and became the father of an illegitimate son.” Now,

I make no doubt but that you printers who back up Franklin in everything he did, approve of all this, too; but if you do approve of it, then I want, for and on behalf of my down-town coadjutors, right here to record a protest.

Not, however, that we are intolerant. Far from it. We take no exception to a Junto (whatever that may be); if any man wants one, he's welcome to it. If anybody has a fancy for writing his own epitaph, let him. We don't care how religious any one may be—the more religious the better. If any fellow thinks the liturgy that has been prepared for all of us don't suit his case and prefers to fix up one for his own exclusive use, we are agreeable. But further than that we can't go with you. Right there we Wall street men draw the line.

It may have been all well enough for Benjamin. His wife took the youngster in and cared for it. But Mrs. Franklin was an exceptionally considerate woman. The rest of her sex ain't as nice as she was. On the contrary, most of them are so queer and so prone to take exception to all sorts of trifles, that it isn't safe to count on any of them—always.

Then, too, as Franklin was unorthodox in his religious views, so he was not orthodox in his views on finance. He believed in the issuance of paper money based on land, and he advocated his theories with such consummate skill that his State at one time put out £30,000 of that kind of currency. Well, I presume that you printers approve of this also; but if the old man could come back and should advocate that sort of thing down our way, we would be inclined to regard him as still another crank come to Wall street, and to advise him to go West, young man, and join the other cranks under the Farmers' Alliance banner.

But Franklin was a crank not alone in his views upon finance. At one time he forswore meat of all kinds and lived upon vegetables only. Still, from what I have seen here to-night, I am satisfied that even you draw the line there, that you printer men are just as fond of all the good things of this life as we Wall street men are.

A truce, however, to nonsense, and one serious word before I resume my seat. I thank you, gentlemen, for the privilege of being here. I am glad to unite with you in doing honor to the

memory of him whose birthday this is, who, if not the most heroic figure in our country's history, was certainly one of the "all round" greatest men that ever lived. There may have been those who excelled him in one direction or another; but if we can imagine a circle as representing the limitations of humanity, I dare aver that the accomplishments of no other man have so nearly as Franklin's filled that circle, reaching out and touching its circumference at so many points. Though we honor his memory it is not necessary for us to deify him, or to speak of him with extravagant reverence, as if he had neither faults nor foibles. These he had, of course, but they were evidence of his intense humanity, and it is unworthy to refer to them seriously in the light of such a record as he left. Great as he was, however, in so many directions, he was greatest in that his religion, like Burke's, was to do good to his fellow-man. The inspiring motive of all his life was to promote the welfare of his kind; and when his career on earth was done, he might well, like Abou Ben Adhem, have asked the recording angel to write him as one who had not only loved his fellow-men, but had for near a hundred years served them so well that though

we search the records of all the ages, it is difficult to discover an equal benefactor of his race. I congratulate you, gentlemen, that this man was, like each one of you, a printer.

Though it is just four hundred years since our continent was first sighted, the national splendor in which we all exult to-day has been the accomplishment of less than a century. Chiefest among the factors of that great work have been the locomotive and the printing press. While the conquest of the continent was going on, daily the locomotive pushed a little farther, through the wilderness, across the prairie and over the mountain; but wherever it paused for a moment to rest there the printing press was set up, and through the wheezing of the one was heard the clanking of the other.

When, however, the locomotive, resuming the struggle, pushed along upon its mighty way, it always left the press behind, and when—the continent conquered—it stood panting upon the Pacific slope, wherever it had stopped between the oceans, there was a printer setting type.

In that printer's fingers each of those tiny bits of metal with a letter on its end became an engine mighty as the locomotive, working with it

ever since in our great upbuilding—pushing us to our place, first among the nations of the earth.

All honor to the grimy man who stands with his hand upon the throttle in the cab; but just as much to him standing with stick in hand before the font.

VIII.

At the laying of the cornerstone of the Mail and Express Building, August 19, 1891.

HOW little the Genoese navigator ever dreamed that the continent he discovered would be the empire of the future, the home of near a hundred millions, the freest, thriftiest and happiest people on the globe! When Peter Minuit bought the Island of Manhattan for twenty-four dollars, how little he dreamed of the great city to be built upon it, rivaling in splendor the proudest cities of the world. When Robert Fulton's heart beat fast with joy that the *Clermont*, on its trial trip, stemmed the Hudson's tide, how little he dreamed of the monster palaces which now defy wind and wave in their weekly trips across the ocean. When, nearly a century ago, a daily newspaper was for the first time issued in this city, how little its proprietors dreamed of anything like what a New York newspaper is to-day.

The first daily paper in our city—the *Adver-*

tiser, it was called—was not started till after the press of the country had passed through the Colonial and Revolutionary epochs of its existence.

The Colonial press disseminated news, but dared no views in conflict with the authorities. The press of the Revolution was unfettered, but it subordinated everything to the one idea of the country's independence. That independence, however, achieved, organization of the nation followed. The transition from dependence to independence had resulted in parties, and the land was full of conflicting views, which sought expression through the columns of the newspapers.

Then came what might be distinctively termed the epoch of the party press, during which the newspapers were almost wholly owned and controlled by politicians and cliques.

It was at this juncture that the first daily made its appearance in our midst.

Though the American newspaper was then nearly a hundred years old, the *Advertiser* was, in general character and make-up, but little, if any, superior to the Boston *News Letter* or *Publick Occurrences*, which were the pioneer journals on this side of the Atlantic.

During the continuance of the party press epoch the newspapers increased largely in number, but not much in effectiveness till the coming of the railway. When the locomotive came, however, widening their reach and scope, they took on new life, and rapidly developed in power and influence. But with the advent of the railway the sun speedily went down upon the slavish party press, and then there dawned the better day of independent journalism.

From that time the newspaper came to be one of the chiefest factors in what has been our so marvelous national development.

We are disposed to wonder that since our shores were first sighted we have been able to accomplish so much upon the continent ; but it must be borne in mind that up to the beginning of the present century there was hardly more than a fringe of civilization along the Atlantic coast—that our great upbuilding has been accomplished within less than a hundred years.

In this, the railway and the press have wrought together. While the conquest of the continent was going on, the locomotive daily pushed a little farther, through the wilderness, across the prairie and over the mountain, but

always following close behind its shriek was heard the clank of the printing press.

The grimy man, with his hand upon the throttle, leaning out of the cab window and peering anxiously before him, and the dirty-fingered man with a shade over his eyes, standing, stick in hand, before a font—these have been the pioneers of our great advance in civilization, wealth and power.

But while the press has done so much for the country, the country has done as much for the press. Our march toward the position we have taken among the nations of the earth, with the attendants of our career—rapidly increasing wealth and culture, diversity of tastes and interests, and constant widening of the horizon of individual ambition—these things have pushed us in all directions, but in none more than in the field of journalism. The variety of invention, the myriad applications of steam, the uses of electricity, the development of industry and spreading out of commerce, together with the growth of democratic ideas, have not only enlarged the field of newspapers, but have stimulated their increase, and imparted to them a power and responsibility beyond

what the newspaper men themselves have realized.

Hardly more than fifty years ago, the English traveler, Basil Hall, in his book about us, said: "The conductors of American journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men." It is difficult to believe that the statement was ever true, because as far back as any one of us can remember, journalism has been one of the great professions, numbering among its devotees the brightest, brainiest and "all round" biggest men of their day. Time would not suffice to name those who, in the realm of American journalism, have shaped the thought and policy of their periods, and have not only left indelible records upon, but have added luster to the pages of the country's history.

Though Horace Greeley thought that "of all horned cattle, a college graduate in a newspaper office is the worst," a large proportion of those now graduating from our leading colleges are seeking places in the ranks of journalism, so that the young man who comes to-day, note book in hand, to get six inches of talk from you for the morrow's paper, instead of being a shabby party, redolent of beer, is far more likely

to be a dainty youth of the highest culture, fresh from the shades of one of the great universities.

I have spoken of journalism as one of the great professions. Is it not rather of all professions the first? Surely the head of a great newspaper is the proudest position to be achieved under a government like ours, which, in freedom of the press, guarantees freedom of thought—they go together, because as Thiers put it, “the liberty to print is the liberty to think.”

Carlyle said, “Every able editor is a ruler of the world”; and he is, in that he helps to make the public sentiment which controls the universe. Even Napoleon acknowledged the editor’s sway, when he proclaimed the journalist “a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations,” and declared “four hostile newspapers more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets.” If what Napoleon said was true then, it is certainly truer now, because ever since then the bayonet has been losing and thought gaining, till the highest tribunal for the nation as well as the individual to-day, is the bar of public opinion. At that bar no monarch upon his throne is so potent as

the editor in his sanctum, who has the power, as De Tocqueville expressed it, "to drop the same thought into thousands of minds at the same moment."

The newspaper to-day is not an adjunct of, it is a part and parcel of our daily life, almost as much as the air we breathe or the food we eat.

Thoreau was one man out of a million in his boast that he never read a newspaper, in his idea that "all news is gossip, and they who edit and who read it are old women over their tea. Read not the times," exclaimed the would-be philosopher, glaring over his specs, "read not the times, read the eternities;" and yet, when John Brown lay wounded at Harper's Ferry, the Concord crank admitted that he had been reading all the newspapers he could put his hands on for more than a week.

Not read the papers? Why, dear old Beecher was "dead right" when he said "every worthy citizen now reads a newspaper. It is the window through which we see all that is going on about us. Without it a man is shut up in a small room and knows nothing outside of himself."

Wendell Phillips declared that "the millions

have no literature, no school, almost no pulpit but the press. The newspaper," said he, "is parent, school, college, pulpit, theater, example, counselor, all in one." And yet, wide and far reaching as are each of these relationships, they do not, together, half cover the case. The province of the press, once merely to collect and distribute news, is now to do everything.

A newspaper pierces the heart of the dark continent—gropes its way through the Arctic floes—answers the question, "what are you going to do about it?" by hurling a bandit ring from power—builds monuments to the heroic dead—turns public institutions inside out and lets in the glare of day upon them—flashes the blinding light of its bull's-eye into the darkest haunts of crime and fetches the evil-doer to the bar of justice—protects the poor from extortion by distributing among them the necessities of life at first-hand prices—nay, more, it gathers the little waifs in from the streets and feeds them, and it takes the shrunken-faced babies of the tenements, gasping for air, to where the sun may shine upon them and they may drink in the breezes of the sea.

Indeed, a newspaper is the people's faithful

and sleepless servitor and champion in more ways than can be put into words. As many headed as Hydra, as many eyed as Argus, as many handed as Briaræus, a great newspaper is the nearest possible human embodiment of the idea of omnipotence.

On a balcony, a few evenings since, I sat for hours watching the restless ocean. Its surface, as far as the eye could reach, was all the time broken into waves crested with foam, while along the shore, without a moment's ceasing, the mighty breakers roared. Whenever through the night I woke I heard the distant clashing of the waters and the sea still pounding on the sand. In the morning, the far-away billows were dashing spray against the sunlight, and the surf, unceasingly as ever, was beating on the beach.

It seemed to me the very embodiment of the idea of constant agitation, and the thought was impressive that the ocean's perpetual motion is the guarantee of its purity—that so long as the waves are clashing upon its surface, and the breakers beating on its shores, there need be no fear of impurity in its waters.

In the ceaseless agitation by the press of everything which concerns us is the surest guarantee of purity in our affairs. While the air of every hamlet and village and town throughout the country is filled with newspapers, arguing and discussing every question, no matter how trifling, that affects the people, and the great dailies of the cities are pounding upon every issue of importance that confronts us, and beating at the feet of every public man, there need be no fear about impurity in our politics. Whatever of such impurity there may be, the newspapers will surely discover and bring it to the surface and the people can correct it.

Thomas Jefferson said: "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." Let us be grateful that we live in a land with a government and newspapers—a government the best the sun shines on, and newspapers the plentiest, the most enterprising and the altogether best upon the globe.

IX.

At the close of the Southern Society banquet in the Madison Square building, February 22, 1891, as the President was about dismissing the assemblage, there was a general call, to which this was the response.

“THREE men about to indulge in a little bibulous refreshment invited a fourth to join them. He declined. They insisted. He refused point blank. They asked why. He said for two reasons. ‘What are they?’ they inquired. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘the first reason is this: When my poor old mother was upon her dying bed, she begged me with tears in her eyes to swear off, and before she died I promised her I never would taste another drop.’ ‘Great Scott!’ they exclaimed, ‘that one reason is enough, but since you have two, what’s the other?’ ‘The other reason,’ said he, ‘is this: I’ve just had a drink and I don’t want another right away.’ Well, gentlemen, I haven’t promised anybody living or dying never to make another speech before your society, but like the man who thought that his

having so recently had a drink ought to excuse him from taking another right away, so it seems to me that having been called to the front at your last dinner, I ought not to be so soon again pressed into service. I am free to confess, however, that I am not indisposed to respond to your call, since to do so affords me opportunity to congratulate you on this splendid banquet, to thank you for the courtesy which has permitted me to enjoy it, and, as a New Yorker, to voice the cordial welcome which the metropolis always extends to you men of the South. The more of you that come to us, and the oftener you come, the better for us all; because, as the shuttle, the more frequently it goes flashing back and forth through the loom, the more closely it weaves the fabric; so the oftener you come to us and we go to you, back and forth across the imaginary line which divides the sections, the more closely we unconsciously knit the fabric of our nationality.

But glad as we are to welcome those of you who come to visit us, to those who come to cast their lot with us and to take root among us we open wide our hands, our hearts and the doors of our homes.

I dare say there was a time when you felt a

hesitancy at coming among us because the average against you at the close of the war was so great; but if so there is no longer need for any of you to be shy. The goodly host of Southern hustlers that came here when they had got through fighting, with their sharp eyes looking out from under old Confederate hat brims, and fetching with them nothing but their stout hearts and clear heads, have long since settled that matter. Transferring their field of operations to Wall street and their weapons to valuable Southern properties, these hustlers have squared the account, and honors between us now are easy. For every farm that was cleaned out on your side during the recent unpleasantness you may be sure some unfortunate among us has been stuck with a thousand acres of Texas or Arkansas land. For every house that was destroyed somebody here is wearily now walking with 500 shares of—well, say Cotton Seed, that cost way up in the fifties. Indeed, if it be any satisfaction to you to hear it, I dare aver that for every mule that was killed on your side during the late scuffle, some poor devil of a Yank has since been plugged with ‘a hundred Richmond Terminal’ at a price he’ll never see

again. Not that we take any exception to it, however. On the contrary, we rejoice in it. But we are glad that the hustlers have been so few, because if there had been many more of them, some of us who rejoice in new patent-leathers to-night would likely now be standing on our uppers.

No. We are as proud of every one of your people who has achieved wealth or distinction, or both, among us, as you are yourselves, and we New Yorkers have specially delighted in the proof which some of you have furnished that there are other breeds of Yankees just as cute as the breed that is raised in New England. Indeed, gentlemen, there is no evidence of Southern prosperity and thirft anywhere in which we Northern men do not delight. We rejoice that your fair Southland has so gloriously recovered from its long prostration, and we are proud that your people are so fast coming to rival us in everything in which we have thought the North would be always without a rival. This is as it should be. The day for jealousy between the sections has gone by. With the second century of our national existence we enter upon a new career. We are no

longer an association of State communities, but are now one great, solid, puissant nationality—so completely one, indeed, that the very lines between the States are losing their distinctness because of the frequent trampling upon them by friendly feet. Hereafter forever there must be no difference between us—that is to say, no difference to affect the integrity of our nationality. There will be, of course, perpetual strife as to questions of public policy ; but as the constant motion of the water is necessary for the purity of the seas, so the ceaseless agitation about our public questions is vital to the purity of our politics. But while the surface of the ocean is broken into countless waves which roar and clash against each other, down in its depths the water is calm and undisturbed ; so, though about the thousand and one issues, state and national, which affect us, we split into as many parties, to roar and clash against each other, behind the parties stand the people of both sections calm and undisturbed—calm in their love of country and undisturbed in their nationality. While this is so, we may safely laugh at pessimists, because despite all their gloomy forebodings the future is safe and sure.

To steal a thought from your own meteoric and matchless Grady, in the far off distant future, when we shall have passed away and been all of us long forgot, the clock of time will go on, then as now, calmly ticking off the passing years, and at every stroke which tells of another year gone by, will be heard, following its own echo round the continent, the cry of the watchmen in the towers, 'all is well with the old republic—all is well!'"

X.

Delivered at the Business Man's meeting at the close of the Fessett-Flower campaign, October 29, 1891, in Carnegie Hall—the audience numbering between four and five thousand persons.

THIS has been announced as a business man's meeting, and as one of the business men of the city, in nowise a politician, I am here to make manifest, by my presence, my earnest sympathy with the effort which is being put forth to accomplish good government for the State in which we live.

However uncertain may have been the issues involved in any of the campaigns of the past, the issue in this one is clearly and sharply defined—so clearly and so sharply that no man, it seems to me, who is desirous of the welfare of the State, can be for one moment in doubt as to how he ought to vote. Our city, the Empire City, the proudest city of the Union, which, in the order of things, ought to set an example of good government to every other

city in the country, has long been firmly held in the grip of a political organization, the inspiring motive and cohesive power of which have always been, are now and always will be that of public plunder. We know from the sorry experience of the past how comparatively futile are any efforts to shake off that grip from the city; but now this organization, this political octopus, not satisfied with owning and operating our imperial city, like Alexander sighing for new worlds to conquer, is reaching out and trying to secure within its clutches our great Empire State as well; and the question which presents itself to every voter in the community is, are you willing to enlarge the reach and strengthen the grip of this octopus?—are you willing to turn over our fair State to the tender mercies of the Tammany tiger—or are you not?

This, stripped of all extraneous and confusing complications, is the question, the only question before the people, and our brilliant young leader deserves the highest praise, not only for his wisdom, but for his courage, in that he has so persistently, in all his speeches through the State, driven this question home.

Of course our friends, the enemy, don't like the way in which Mr. Fassett talks. They think he ought to discuss national issues. Well, so far as I am informed, there is practically no national issue involved in this campaign. The great National issue, of course, is the tariff, and in National politics men are Republicans or Democrats as they believe in a high tariff or in a tariff for revenue only. Now, here are two men among us. One believes in a tariff for revenue only, the other in a high tariff, and upon that question and in National politics they are as wide apart as the poles. But they are intelligent men. They read that most able and excellent of journals, the *Evening Post*, and from perusal of its columns they know all about Tammany Hall. As good citizens they are both of them conscientiously opposed, of course, to Tammany and all its methods. Now these men don't want to hear discussion about the tariff. What they do want to hear discussed is the issue which is before us, and that is Tammany Hall, and there is no reason under heaven why, though in National politics these men vote dead against each other, they should not on Tuesday next, together vote the anti-Tammany

ticket in favor of good government and against the tiger.

So far as I have yet heard, the only reason that has been urged by our friends the enemy, why everybody should not vote for Mr. Fassett, is that wretched old chestnut—so old and worm eaten that I hate to handle it—to the effect that he prevented the World's Fair from coming to our city. Well, Mr. Fassett says he didn't prevent it, and if anybody ought to know, surely he ought. Whenever a high tariff man makes a peculiarly sanguine or boastful assertion as to any of the industries of the country, it is the habit of our low tariff friends to climb up on the back seats, and call him a tin-plate liar. Now, I don't want to go so far as to call any man a liar—certainly I should not like to be so hard on anybody as to call him a tin-plate liar; but from the evidence which has been adduced I feel that we are warranted in regarding the man who says Fassett kept the World's Fair from coming to New York, as at least a cast-iron prevaricator. But suppose, for the sake of argument, we admit—if there is any way to satisfy our Democratic friends, let us do it if we can; so just to please them let us admit—that Mr. Fassett did kill the

World's Fair. Then let us consider how much he has saved to the city by his action. The amount can be arrived at by a simple sum in the old-fashioned rule of three. Any boy here with a lead pencil in his pocket can do the sum, though there is perhaps not one in this vast audience with an imagination sufficiently vivid to conceive what the result of the calculation would be. The sum would read in this wise: If it cost New York twelve millions of dollars to let Tammany Hall, under William M. Tweed, build one Courthouse, how much would it cost the city to let Tammany Hall under its present leadership construct all the buildings that would be needed for the great World's Fair?—to say nothing of the incidentals! However, it makes no difference either way whether Fassett did or did not kill the Fair. The election which is before us, so far as I am informed, is not for the purpose of affording the people an opportunity through the ballot-box to wreak vengeance upon whoever did kill the Fair. On the contrary, the only purpose of the election, as I understand it, is to afford the people an opportunity to say whether Tammany Hall shall be entrenched at Albany or not, and the Fair

has nothing to do with the case. The Fair is not before the house, but what is before the house—the only thing before the house—is that wretched tiger, with his fiery eyes, licking his hungry chops and “a-lashin of his tail,” and this damnable iteration of the cry about the World’s Fair is only a miserable subterfuge, availed of by our Tammany friends to fog the real issue if possible, and to shut up our eyes to the existence and the presence of that ferocious beast.

I remember once being in a little cross-road store down in Virginia—you know the kind of store I mean—the kind in the country in which they keep everything, from a toothpick to a pulpit. Well, presently there slouched into the store a very old darkey, evidently, by the way in which he seemed to make himself at home, a patriarch of the neighborhood. He leaned back comfortably against one of the counters, “chawin’,” and for nearly half an hour was silent, apparently lost in study of the wonderful assortment of wares exposed for sale. By and by his eye lit upon a pile of little round wooden boxes upon a shelf on the opposite side of the store, for all the world like miniature cheese boxes. They contained axle grease. The old

man contemplated the boxes for a few moments—then turning to the proprietor he said: “Mr. Smiff, wot you axes for one of dem little cheeses over dah?” Mr. Smith replied: “Ten cents.” The old man ruminated for a while—then came back at the proprietor—“If I buys one of dem little cheeses over dah, Mr. Smiff, is you gwine to chuck in some crackers for me to eat wid it?” The proprietor acceded to the cracker proposition, whereupon the old man relapsed again into silence, as if calculating whether he could afford the outlay. At length he went down into his clothes—fished around for a while—discovered and fetched up a ten-cent piece. Then he shuffled across the store to the counter behind which the proprietor stood, laid down the coin, received in return for it a box of axle grease and a brown paper bag containing half a pound of soda crackers, and then pulling himself together he left the store and went on his way rejoicing. Some half an hour or so afterward, as I was going up the road, I saw the old man seated on a log by the roadside, with a jackknife carefully scraping the last of the axle grease out of the little wooden box, and as carefully spreading it on half a cracker. “Hallo, old man,” said I to him

as I passed, "how does it go?" "Oh, well, Massa," he replied, "it goes good enough, I reckon. Dese yer crackers, I ain't got no fault to find wid dem—dey's cheap enough—dey done give 'em to me, you know—and dis yer cheese—well, I spec's as how it's wholesome enough, but, 'foh Gawd, it's de ransomest cheese I ever struck."

I only told the story, ladies and gentlemen, to point a moral and adorn a tale (a voice—"The tiger's tail?")—no, let us cut that—and to say that this talk about the World's Fair is the ransomest political pretext I ever struck.

I have said that the World's Fair nonsense seems to be the only argument of our Tammany friends in this campaign. Well, gentlemen—I humbly beg your pardon. I mean, of course, ladies and gentlemen. I was led into the discourtesy, I presume, by the consciousness that the women cannot vote. Oh! if they only could! What? Am I in favor of woman suffrage? Well, I should smile! If among the reforms that are sure to come when Mr. Fassett gets to Albany, we knew that woman suffrage would be included, this would be a pleasanter

fight to make, the victory could be more easily won and when won would be the more enjoyable. I am one of those who believe that every woman is entitled in the sight of God, if not before the law, to all the rights that any man has, and to one more beside—that is, the right of protection! I want it distinctly understood that I belong to the party of protectionists—and from the applause with which you greet the declaration, I should judge everybody else in the building belongs to the same party.

I was going on to say that the World's Fair "bogie" is the only argument I have yet heard advanced why we should not vote for Mr. Fassett. But I am wrong. I have heard one more argument, and that is because it is asserted that Mr. Fassett is Mr. Platt's young man. Well, that statement is true to the extent that Mr. Fassett is a young man, and I wish I was one. "Drive easy," said the woman to the cabman, as she helped her drunken husband into the cab, "drive easy, please, my husband is so sick." "Yis, ma'am, I will dhrive aisy. Sure, he's moietey sick, I can see that, but I wish I had his complaint," said the cabby as he climbed up on the box. I guess there are a good many of the old

boys, not only on our side of the house, but among the benighted followers of Tammany as well, who wish they had Mr. Fassett's complaint of youth. Yes, Mr. Fassett is a young man; but as to his being Mr. Platt's young man, I think I know Mr. Fassett well enough to denounce that assertion, if not as a tin-plate lie or a cast-iron prevarication, at least as a pot-metal falsehood, and to declare that Mr. Fassett is nobody's young man—that is, of course, nobody's but Mrs. Fassett's. He is her young man all the time, and if he makes as good a Governor as he makes a husband and father, the State will be most fortunate in his election.

However, let us not stand upon trifles. If it will make our Tammany friends any happier, let us frankly admit that Mr. Fassett is Mr. Platt's young man. But, having made the admission, then let us carefully consider whether we wouldn't be better off—just a “leetle” better off—with Mr. Platt's young man than we would be with Boss Croker's old man?

I have heard a great deal said about those whom we call Mugwumps or Independents—the men of either party who sometimes vote with the other party—and I have heard much said in their

disparagement, of which I have always disapproved, because, while I believe, of course, in party organization and party fealty, I still more firmly believe in every man's independence of political thought and action. It will be a sorry day for the Republic, in my judgment, when all men vote their party ticket blind and straight, without thought as to whether it be for the right or for the wrong. I think the surest guarantee of the perpetuity of our institutions is the people's independence—their readiness always, with reference to the thousand and one issues that are constantly presenting themselves, to vote for what commends itself to their conscience and intelligence as right and best for the community, regardless of party lines.

And it is upon this independence on the part of our intelligent voters that I base my hope of Republican success in this campaign—because I think that throughout the State there are thousands of life-long Democrats who appreciate the danger which threatens—the danger that Tammany Hall will get control of the multitudinous affairs of our great State ; and I believe that in order to avert such a calamity these independent Democrats will vote the anti-Tammany ticket.

We have already had indication that such will be the case, in the recent action of Mr. Herman Oelrichs and in the letter the other day published of Mr. George William Curtis. Mr. Oelrichs has always been a Democrat and says he always will be one, but, strong and healthy and handsome as he is, Tammany has at last got to be "too rich for his blood."

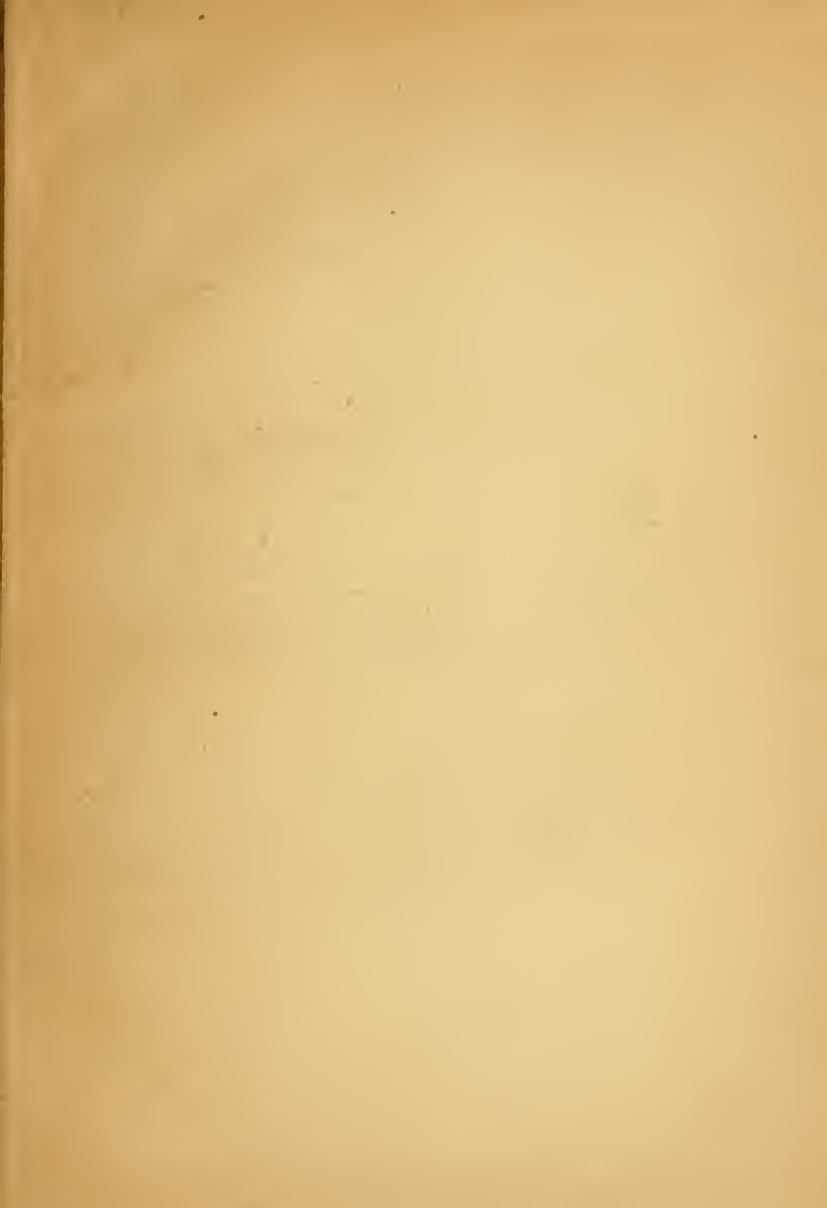
We all know Mr. Curtis—that he was an old-time Republican—an Abolitionist, when to stand for liberty against slavery, as Richelieu said about matrimony, "it took the courage of a lion," but that for years he has been regarded as the great Mugwump chief—the trump-card in the hand of the Democracy. I say this, of course, in no sense of disrespect, because to my mind George William Curtis is the embodiment of the very highest type of American citizenship—a gentleman, a scholar and a statesman, like Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." The course of these men in refusing to vote the Tammany ticket cannot but have influence upon intelligent and thoughtful men throughout the State, and it encourages the hope I have expressed that many of the best Democrats will join with the Republicans in the effort to save our

great Empire State from the blighting effects of Tammany domination.

Burke said that the main purpose of all the complex machinery of the Government of Great Britain is to put twelve men in a box. The chief end and aim of all our municipal existence is to achieve good government for the community, which is the choicest blessing that can come to the aggregate man. And as I began, so I close—it seems to me that no man who has the welfare of the State at heart can be for one moment in doubt as to how he ought to vote on Tuesday next.

The *Tribune* of October 30th said: The vast audience was more than generous with its applause. Several times he had to stop for some moments until the cheering should cease. He could easily be heard even in the furthest parts of the great hall. He told his stories well, and had the honor paid him of having to give an encore. When he had seated himself the applause was kept up until he was compelled to come forward again to say: "This demonstration on your part, ladies and gentlemen, affords me more pleasure and gratification than somebody will feel on Tuesday night, when he learns that he has been elected Governor." There were more cheers at this.





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